

LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. I.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 14.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1825.

LADIES MUSEUM,

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Miscellany.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

HENRY AND EMMA.

Although in these days a man would be considered as possessing an unreasonable share of credulity, were he to express a belief, even of the possibility, of a person suffering any serious injury by a disappointment in what is usually termed **LOVE**—yet it cannot be denied that there are many instances in which it is the apparent cause of much mental suffering, and sometimes of mental derangement.—Though the man of cold and selfish feelings will deny the possibility of such suffering; and if he allow its existence, will say it is but a just punishment for the indiscretion of suffering the imagination to usurp the place of reason; yet to those possessing the least sympathy for the sufferings of their fellow-beings, the sight of a person, laboring under such mental malady, is calculated to excite feelings of commiseration. Fortunately, it is only in minds of a peculiar cast that such an effect is at all to be apprehended—minds which are endued by nature with a sensitiveness and delicacy so refined as to disqualify them, in a great measure, for a happy existence in this world, subject as we are to disappointments, vexations, and afflictions, as well in matters that affect our happiness and lives, as in our less important concerns. It is in minds of this cast, when a passion is imbibed in early life, when the fancy teems with images too pleasing to be real, ere the mind was disgusted with the baseness and treachery of mankind, and ere it had acquired, by sad experience, the knowledge necessary to a safe association with the world; and, thus embibed, is suffered “to grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength;” these are the cases where disappointment saps the energies of the mind, and steals the heart to all communion with the world. One case of this kind, which came under my own observation, did more towards converting me to the opinions above expressed, than all that I had ever seen written on the subject.

Henry and Emma were the children of neighbors,

and, during their infantile years, were constant companions. In those halcyon days when childhood is fast approximating the second degree in man's existence, when the mind readily forms itself to whatever it meets, and the only object of life appears to be to enjoy it, and to “catch the passing moment as it flies,” still they were inseparable. Their parents began to anticipate, with pleasure, the period when their own friendship should be perpetuated by a union of their children.

But these anticipations were never to be realised. That innate principle of modesty with which nature has endowed the female sex, began now to influence the conduct of Emma. Although she still looked upon Henry as the “one altogether lovely,” yet, as she became more conscious of the nature of her feelings towards him, the more studious was she to conceal them. Thus, while every day was teaching Henry the strength of his attachment, and the influence which Emma must have on his future happiness, she became apparently less gratified in his presence, and sometimes gave unequivocal indications of displeasure at his attentions. Had Henry been possessed of that knowledge of the female sex which a slight degree of attention to their dispositions would have given him, this change of demeanor would have been looked upon as the evidence of the fostering of sentiments on her part, exactly the reverse of what he construed it to indicate. But this knowledge, circumstances prevented his attaining till it was too late to be serviceable. To the eager eye of a lover the change was perceptible. The averted eye, which she dared not trust with a glance, lest it should reveal the secret which she strove to conceal; the studied silence of that voice, on whose words he had often hung enraptured, were not merely *seen*, they were *felt* by the lover.

Diffident by nature, he sought not an explanation. In vain he searched his memory for some cause for this change: he could find nothing in his conduct but what was marked with the most determined and ardent affection. But was not *that* the cause of it? Did she not perceive his attachment, and, disapproving it, take this method to quench it? This was a suggestion which forced itself upon his mind with a power that he could not resist. Although at first he could not reconcile it with previous circumstances, yet he was compelled to acknowledge its *possibility*, next its *probability*, and, finally, its *certainty*; for, as the pride of wounded affection gradually rendered him less attentive; she, perceiving this estrangement, adopted towards him a more reserved manner than before—till their behaviour towards each other, in their now casual meetings, resembled more the behaviour of two enemies during a truce, than that of two friends, whose sentiments were similar, and whose journey through life had been performed in company and in fellowship.

For a time, she deceived herself, that Henry's alienation was but temporary; that he would return

with renovated affection, and that she would be compensated, by subsequent enjoyment, for her present unhappiness. But “the sickening pang of hope deferred” frequently shot its withering pains across her bosom, till at length, in a moment of almost mental distraction, she gave her hand to another—one to whom, in order to wring the heart of Henry, she had given such encouragement, that she was, in a manner, compelled to accept his offer of marriage.

It required but this blow to prostrate the already failing Henry. He had long been struggling with his feelings, and endeavoring to bear up against the effect of heart-desolating disappointment. But this blow was too powerful. He was overthrown in the conflict. The agony of mind which he endured caused a corresponding indisposition of body—and he became the tenant of a sick bed. While in this situation, amid the paroxysms of bodily and of mental anguish, the thought of Emma was uppermost in his mind; and she was sometimes addressed in the language of kindness, but often by accusations of injustice and cruelty. The strength of his constitution enabled him to triumph over the bodily disease with which he was afflicted; but his intellect had received a blow, which rendered the once lovely and amiable Henry a confirmed misanthrope. His heart has become callous to all the feelings of humanity; and all the bright visions of worldly happiness, which formerly shed their cheering influence across his path, are superceded by a hatred of the world, and a distaste for all society; and he now stands a living monument of the blighting effects of *disappointment* in matters where the *heart* is a party.

Emma, the other victim of this lamentable *misperception*, (for I can call it by no harsher name,) survived her marriage but about a year. Of her it might truly be said, she

*“Let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek;”*

for she fell into a decline shortly after her marriage, and fell a victim to the scorching flame which preyed upon her vitals, and which was rendered far more violent by her concealing it in the recesses of her own heart.

P.

FROM THE MAINE INQUIRER.

A JOURNEY DOWN EAST.

We have heard of journeying through the Red Sea—dreary wanderings in interminable deserts—long travels round the world, and even of a run to Ohio through mud that covered both pony and rider up to the shirt-collar, but never in our lives have we heard of any thing to match a late journey of a gentleman, who we shall denominate Dickey Delver, down east.

Dickey was a famous well-digger, somewhere in the western part of this our good State of Maine, and undertook, as he supposed, at a most advantageous bargain, to dig a well for 45 dollars. Having labored

Jonathan M. Spencer.

with much assiduity till he had arrived at the depth of nearly fifty feet, with a prospect of soon completing his job, Dickey ascended in these upper regions to look for a little "eleven o'clock," and had but just effected his escape, when, alas! in caved the sides of his well, and filled it fifteen feet, with another solid mass!! Dickey looked over the edge, groaned, scratched his head, and, for a moment, pondered in the bitterness of his heart, half murmuring a curse on his cruel stars, for thus doubling his too heavy task; but, probably, never once thought of feeling grateful to a kind Providence for his almost miraculous escape from instant death. Looking around, however, he saw his coat and hat laying near the margin of the well, and a thought struck him, that if he should "clear out," as the saying is, his friends and neighbors would soon discover the situation of the well, and seeing his coat and hat where he had left them when he descended, would no doubt consider him buried under the mass that had fallen, and with one consent would join to dig him out, and thus clear the well. So thought, and so determined, and away goes Dickey, without coat or hat, not to another world, but to another part of this. The affair of the well's caving in was soon known in the neighborhood; and, as might be expected, all were soon gathered around the fearful gulf, that, as they supposed, had closed on poor Dickey, with a dreadful vengeance. After the first surprise and silence were past, one and another ventured an observation upon poor Dickey's lot. "Poor man! he is no doubt dead." "How he must have felt when he saw the whole earth above falling in upon him." "But it is all over now." The relatives seemed to be quite calm, and it was at length very seriously agitated whether they should dig out the body. Some were in favor of that measure, but by a suggestion of a relative, that it was no use, for he was already well buried, they finally determined to leave him to his lot, and allow his bones to mingle with the gloomy depths in which they were confined. The particulars of the case soon travelled in the shape of news to the place of Dickey's retreat, who was so mortified at the result that he kept himself out of hearing half the year, being ashamed to return home. At last, he thought of an answer to the enquiries which pried thickly to his ears on his first appearance above ground; and with that he resolved to make a venture. Dickey accordingly returned, and after a little surprise excited in his neighbors by the unexpected arrival, they began to enquire how he managed to get out, informing him of their conclusion to let him remain where he had buried himself. "Aye, aye, (said Dickey,) I know all that very well, for I waited till I found you had abandoned me, and then went to work myself to dig out, but missing my direction, I had rather a long job of it, and lately came out in Somerset county, about fifteen miles from the starting point!"

REPUTATION.

The loss of reputation is like that of time; let us endeavor all we can to recover either; we shall always be something the worse for that portion which is lost. How important is this reflection to *young ladies*.

HENRY MENDON,
Or the Victim of Intemperance.

A FACT.

"Stay, mortal, stay! nor heedless thus
Thy sure destruction seal!
Within that cup there lurks a curse
Which all who drink shall feel!"

It was a pleasant day in the month of June, when I descended the little hill that leads into the delightful village of H——, on its southern side. I had often visited this little spot, and always admired the neatness of its situation; but it never appeared so beautiful as at this time. The lake that stretched itself along its eastern extremity, was as still and calm as the little stream which meandered slowly through the village, and emptied itself into its placid waters—save now and then a light breath of wind would pass across its silver bosom, as the little rippling waves glittered in the sun-beam. The heavy foliage of the poplars, as their tops waved gently in the breeze, by the little white dwellings which they surrounded, gave it a romantic and tasty appearance which I could not but admire.

"There is little Mary Mendon," said my friend George Garnet, whom I was accompanying to H——, on a visit. "As true as—yes, it is the little sylph! Don't you see her by yonder white house, in the garden? Lovely girl! she reminds me of her once happy mother, and once respected father! There she goes; did you not see her enter at that green door, as she came from the garden?"

"I saw a pretty blue-eyed girl, with rosy cheeks," replied I; "but what renders her such a favorite of yours? are you acquainted with the little charmer?"

"You shall have her history," said he, "as it is short, but not uninteresting, nor devoid of instruction:

In the little but peaceful mansion which you saw the little girl enter, that I have expressed so much interest for, once lived Henry Mendon, the pride of his parents, and an ornament to the happy society in which it was his good fortune to have been situated; and as he was naturally of a gay and lively disposition, affable and easy in his manners, he moved the brightest and most beloved in parties of innocent mirth and hilarity.

Such, at the age of twenty-two, was Henry Mendon; and such, of the fairer and weaker sex, at the age of eighteen, was the lovely Harriet Ashley, to whom he had long paid his addresses, and from whom he had the happiness to learn that his love was not unrequited. They ardently loved each other; and from the similarity in their habits and dispositions, it was the prediction of their friends that their union would be a happy one. They were married; and never shall I forget the emotions of joy I felt at the wedding. The amiable, the beautiful Harriet Ashley bestowed her hand and heart upon the no less accomplished Henry Mendon. There was not a countenance in all the lively group that had assembled on the occasion, but bespoke the unison of their feelings on this interesting subject.

He was presented by his father with that little, low, white cottage, almost embosomed in the deep green of the locust trees that are scattered in such profusion around it, which you see at the right of

that stream, which gurgles through the rich and varied landscape of the farm that was presented with this humble but pleasant dwelling. They were blessed with a lovely child—I can almost see them now, going to church, leading the little Mary Mendon, that we have just passed, with her rosy cheeks, and laughing, deep blue eyes, looking alternately, with an endearing smile, in the faces of her happy parents. Peace smiled in their secluded dwelling—they lived the happiest of the happy—the admiration of all who knew them.

Things were in this happy situation, when Henry was first discovered to be in the habit of indulging in a small dram, or "social glass," of spirits in the morning. Nothing was said, or thought of it at first; but it was soon apparent that this habit was growing upon him to an alarming degree. His family concerns became neglected—his beautiful cottage no longer presented the woodbine and ivy, uniting their beauties, as they twined around its windows; the farm that had yielded him a competence, was now fast running to waste. Large debts were contracted; his creditors, observing that he was ruining himself, were daily growing impatient; and, to crown the whole, he was cruel to the wife of his bosom! I see you shudder at the *relation*—but to have *seen* it—to have heard the mild accents of the lovely Harriet, as she urged him by all the ties of nature and of love, to renounce the fatal draught, (which he had now no scruples to drink before her,) would have made your heart ache!

"Henry," she would say, "look at our little innocent Mary! could you see her separated from us—we driven from our home—helpless—on the charity of our parents, who have been rejoiced at our industry, and its natural consequence—prosperity? Yet let your dear wife, one whom you *once* loved—and who *now* loves you, tell you that this *will* be the case, unless you desist from this alarming practice, which you are carrying to excess!"

But his parents' tears and importunities; his wife's sorrows and entreaties, were alike unavailing—alike he disregarded the happiness of his parents, his wife, and his Mary. This vice had hardened his heart, and he continued to raise the deadly chalice to his lips—to sacrifice every enjoyment to his unhallowed purpose. His once intelligent eye became dim and expressive; and his once interesting countenance was suffused with the crimson hue of intemperance. His creditors came upon him in an unsuspected moment, took all his property, not even sparing his dwelling; and his wife (with her child) was obliged to take up her residence under her father's roof. Meanwhile, Henry, rendered desperate by misfortune, to drown his sorrows, plunged into still deeper excess; and at last, at the age of thirty, fell this once esteemed and beloved man by the sin of *intemperance*!

His wife and Mary still live in the little white dwelling opposite the one we saw her enter, which belonged to Henry's father. Harriet will not long survive his death—the affliction she has passed through, and the trials she has endured, have taken the bloom from her countenance, and death is fast preying upon her angel form."

After tarrying for a few days in H——, we reluctantly returned home, and nothing more was heard of Harriet Mendon, and her sweet little daughter, until I was, by accident, called again to visit this lovely village. On enquiring for those whose history had given it an additional interest, I was informed that Mary was happily situated, with a beloved husband, who was worthy of her, and was enjoying the pleasure that her parents *once* enjoyed, and in the same dwelling; that her mother had long since sought the "narrow house," and the green sods were resting over her remains, which had been deposited by the side of her husband, in an untimely grave.

L.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

A house maid, in Grosvenor-street, London, who was inclined to take a draught of ale, after the family had retired to bed, glided silently into the cellar without a candle. As she was feeling about for the cask, the situation of which was not unknown to her, she put her hand on something which she immediately perceived to be the head of a man! The girl, with an uncommon share of fortitude and good sense, forbore to cry out, but said, in a tone of impatience, "Deuce take Betty, she is always putting the mops in the way." She then went to the cask, quietly drew her beer, retired from the cellar, fastened the door, and alarmed the house. The man was taken, tried, and convicted; and declared, before he quitted the court, that the maid was entirely indebted to her presence of mind for her life; for had she cried out, he must have instantly murdered her; but as he firmly believed she mistook his head for a mop, particularly as she had drawn the beer after she felt it, he let her go away without injury, not suspecting that she could have given information of any one being in the cellar.

ADVANTAGES OF AN EMPTY PURSE.

People may talk as they please about independence. Your only real independent man is he of the empty purse. What is the rise or fall of stocks to him? What cares he for commercial failures?—What for high or low prices? What for taxation or national debt? What for commotions, revolutions, the decline and fall of empires? Nothing. He smiles at the robber by night, and the tax-gatherer by day; and regards the exciseman and the pick-pocket with equal indifference. He is your free philosopher, worthy of the eyes of Jove—one who stands

"Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

A HINT AND A KICK.

A young man, who was paying his addresses to an Irish girl, had gained so far on her affections that she had consented to attend him to the temple of Hymen, when some economical fears arose in his breast which cooled the flame Cupid had kindled; he therefore waited on his destined bride, and began to talk of hard times, household expenses, &c. till her patience being exhausted, she very politely turned him out of the house. Her mistress, hearing the noise, called to know what it was. "Nothing, mad-

am, (replied she,) but kicking the cares of the world out of doors."

GOOD COMPLIMENTS.

On the late Dr. Johnson's return from a town in Scotland, a Lady, at whose house he called, had got ready, what is, in England, called a *Hotch Potch*, for dinner. After the Doctor had tasted it, she had an opportunity of asking him if it was good. "Very good for hogs," answered the Doctor. "Then, pray," replied the Lady, "let me help you to a little more."



POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

ADDRESS TO THE STARS.

Ye are fair, ye are fair, and your pensive rays
Steal down like the light of parted days;
But have sin and sorrow ne'er wander'd o'er
The green abodes of each sunny shore?
Hath no frost been there, and no withering blast,
Cold, cold o'er the flower and the forest past?
Does the playful leaf ne'er fall or fade?
The rose ne'er droop in the silent shade?
Say, comes there no cloud on your morning beam;
On your night of beauty no troubled dream?
Have ye no tear the eye to annoy;
No grief to shadow its light of joy;
No bleeding breasts that are doom'd to part;
No blighted bower, and no broken heart?
Hath death ne'er sadden'd your scenes of bloom;
Your suns ne'er shone on the silent tomb?
Did their sportive radiance never fall
On the cypress tree or the ruin'd wall?
'Twere vain to guess, for no eye hath seen
O'er the gulf eternally fix'd between.
We hear not the song of your early hours;
We hear not the hymn of your evening bowers.
The strains that gladden each radiant sphere
Ne'er pour'd their sweets on a mortal ear;
Though such I could deem—on the evening's sigh—
The air-harp's unearthly melody!
Farewell! farewell! I go to my rest,
For the shades are passing into the West;
And the beacon pales on its lonely height—
Isles of the Blest—good night! good night!

M.

LINES

To a Lady with one blue and one black eye.
How delicate the eye of man,
How varied is its hue;
From shining black to lighter brown,
From lighter brown to blue.
Some choose a black eye, stating this:
That it bespeaks a soul

Of nobler mould and livelier turn,
And fitter to control.

Some say a blue eye looks the best
Among the various hues;
It indicates a meeker mind,
A sweeter temper shows.

I'm pleas'd with each expressive hue,
And choose, among the rest,
One eye of black and one of blue,
They please — best.

L. K.

THE POWER OF INNOCENCE.

A TRUE STORY.

When first the nuptial state we prove,
We live the happy life of love;
But when familiar charms no more
Inspire the bliss they gave before—
Each, less delighting, less is lov'd:
First this, then that, is disprov'd;
Complaisance flies, neglect succeeds;
Neglect, disdain and hatred breeds.

'Twas thus a pair, who long time prov'd
The joy to love, and be belov'd,
At length fell out for trifling things—
From trifling, anger mostly springs.
The wish to please forsook each breast,
Love's throne by basest rage possess'd,
Resolv'd to part—they'd meet no more—
Enough, the chariot's at the door—
The mansion was my lady's own—
Sir John resolv'd to live in town:
Writings were drawn; each cause agreed,
Both vow'd they'd ne'er recall the deed.
The chariot waits—why this delay?
The sequel will the cause display.
One lovely girl this lady bore,
Dear pledge of joys she takes no more;
The father's, mother's, darling she—
Now lisp'd and prattled on each knee.
Sir John, when rising to depart,
Turn'd to the darling of his heart,
And cried, with ardour in his eye,
'Come, Betsey, bid Mama good-bye.'
The lady, trembling, answer'd, 'No;
Go, kiss Papa, my Betsey, go:
The child shall live with me,' she cried,
'The child shall choose,' Sir John replied.
Poor Betsey look'd on each, by turns,
And each the starting tear discerns;
My lady asks, with doubt and fear,
'Will you not live with me, my dear?'
'Yes,' half resolv'd, replied the child,
And half suppress'd her tears she smil'd.
'Come, Betsey, (cried Sir John,) you'll go
And live with dear Papa, I know.'
'Yes,' Betsey cried.—The lady then
Address'd the wond'ring child again:
'The time to live with both is o'er,
This day we part to meet no more;
Choose then—here grief o'erflow'd her breast,
And tears burst out too long suppress'd;
The child, whose tears and chiding join'd,
Suppos'd Papa displeas'd, unkind,
And tries, with all her little skill,

To soothe his soft, relenting will :
 'Do,' cried the lisper, 'Papa, do,
 Love dear Mama! Mama loves you !'
 Subdued the source of manly pride,
 No more his looks his heart belied ;
 The tender transport forc'd its way—
 They both confess'd each other's sway ;
 And prompted by the social smart,
 Breast rush'd to breast, and heart to heart ;
 Each clasp'd their Betsey, o'er and o'er,
 And Tom drove empty from the door.

Ye that have passions for a tear,
 Give nature vent, and drop it here.

THE BROKEN HEART.
*The proud, who suffer pain,
 Their agony will never show.*

BYRON.

There is a grief that doth not wring
 The bosom with a single sigh,
 That doth not shade the brow, nor bring
 The moisture from the heavy eye—
 But lives where men cannot intrude ;
 Of human things, a thing apart,
 In the deep bosom's solitude,
 And there it feasts upon the heart.

It is a quiet reveller,
 As the noiseless coffin-worm,
 That lone and sullen banqueter,
 That fattens on the human form :
 No wassail shout, no song of glee,
 Is heard within that narrow dome ;
 No echoes tell the revelry
 That cheers the earth-worm in his home.
 Such is that sorrow's festival,
 But, oh ! it hath a higher prey,
 A loftier victim in its thrall,
 A nobler mansion than the clay—
 That wasting sorrow doth inherit
 A palace framed with wondrous art :
 That palace is the human spirit ;
 That victim is the *broken heart*.

TO A LITTLE LAND-BIRD,
*Which settled on a Vessel between two and three miles
 from the nearest shore.*

Welcome, weary, winged stranger
 Welcome to our rocking bark ;
 Welcome, 'mid this wide-spread danger,
 As the night grows wild and dark.

Why suspect us ? we are friendly—
 Cease thy fluttering—go to rest ;
 We a resting-place will lend thee,
 Here benighted from thy nest.

Yes, the hardy sailor hails thee
 As a wanderer from thy home ;
 Wonders what can so far wing thee—
 Tempt thee, like himself, to roam.

But here's one whose gentler bosom
 Feels kind pity's higher swell ;
 To his bosom, wanderer, welcome—
 There thy sorrows, stranger, tell.

Come and pour thy little sorrows,
 They shall touch some kindred chords ;
 Tun'd to sympathy, which borrows
 Strength from what its aid affords.

Yet here's one to grief no stranger,
 One whose breast for thee can move ;
 Come, then, little airy ranger,
 Come, and all his pity prove.

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1825.

A HOAX.

A few weeks since we noticed, from a New-York paper, a mysterious account of a female being forced into a hackney coach, crying help, murder, &c. &c. that the coach was immediately driven off, with the horses upon the full run, &c. &c. The whole affair turns out to be a *hoax*.

UNACCOUNTABLE.

Mr. Dexter Bishop, of Attleborough, Mass. whom we noticed a few weeks since as being unaccountably missing, and who was supposed to have been murdered, "has written to his friends, from the western part of the State of New-York. He left home on the twenty-third ultimo, to procure a conveyance for himself and family to New-York from this town ; and no traces of him could be discovered after he left the toll-gate at Pawtucket, about sun-set on the same day. He states that he came to this town as he intended, and made enquiries for a vessel bound to New-York, after which, he has no recollection of any thing, till he found himself at the place from which he writes, in destitute circumstances, in the care of two or three persons, who informed him that he came there deranged."

THE ASCENT.

The New-York Gazette states, that the grand, interesting, novel and pleasing exhibition, which had been put off for two days in consequence of the boisterous weather, took place on Thursday week, in the afternoon, at Castle Garden, in the presence of an immense concourse of both sexes, assembled inside of the Garden and on the Battery. The inflation of Mr. Fitch's Balloon, late Robertson's, was completed by half past four o'clock, and shortly after, Madame Johnson, handsomely attired, made her appearance, amid the buzzes of thousands. In two or three minutes from the time of her entrance into the area of the Garden, she was seated in her car, and with the American and French flags, and a graceful inclination of her body, she saluted the respectable thousands who occupied the seats and walks which cover the arcade of this spacious promenade. To prevent the car coming in contact with the arch on the top of the ball-room in front, the cord bearers ascended the main stair way of the Garden, before the Balloon was suffered to escape ; and when it was committed to the mercy of the heavens, the ascent was not only rapid but highly interesting ; and the gazing multitude for some minutes was motionless, and gave way to expressions of the most in-

tense solicitude as to the fair object who had thus jeopardized her life by exposing it in so frail a machine. The assemblage, consisting of at least thirty thousand persons, scarcely moved from their position, until the Balloon was apparently reduced, from its distance, to a mere black speck, resembling, in size, the crown of a hat. Madame Johnson descended safely at about half past five o'clock, at Flatlands, within two miles of the church, in an extensive salt meadow, near the ocean. She came down with great rapidity ; and had she delayed her descent a few minutes longer, would have fallen into the ocean.—She was brought back by Mr. Jackson, in a gig, and reached the city at about nine o'clock. After changing her attire, she repaired to Castle Garden, where she was received with the warmest congratulations.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Henry" has been received.
 "A disinterested spectator" is inadmissible.



MARRIED,

In this town, on the 18th inst. by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Edward Burrows, to Miss Sarah Ann Gibbs, all of this town.

On the 19th inst. by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Capt. Lowry Aborn, Jr. to Miss Julia Ann Manchester, all of this town.

On Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Amory Sibley, of Augusta, Geo. to Miss Caroline Bosworth, of this town.

In Cumberland, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Cutler, Mr. Stephen Clark, to Miss Amey Joslin, daughter of Israel Joslin, Esq. all of that town.



DIED,

In this town, on the 20th inst. Mrs. Mary Taylor, wife of Mr. John Taylor, in her 30th year.

In this town, on Tuesday evening last, Miss Almira Marshall, daughter of Mr. William B. Marshall, in the 25th year of her age, formerly of Shrewsbury, Mass.

On Wednesday morning, George Henry, infant son of James B. Dorrance, Esq. aged 14 months and 21 days.

Lost from the wreck of the brig Mount Vernon, of New York, on the 27th July last, off Porto Rico, Mr. William K. Peck, mate of the brig, and son of the late Mr. Philip Peck, of this town, in the 23d year of his age.

Open New subscribers for the LADIES MUSEUM can have the numbers from the commencement of the volume, at one dollar and fifty cents per annum, by paying the same within three months from the time of subscribing.